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by the Author.

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MATERIALIZATION.

I have had the privilege the past year many times, by a wise willingness on the part of Mrs. Helen Fairchild, a Materializing medium, of witnessing her manifestations under strict test conditions, and under various methods, and without hesitation I can say I have had absolute proof that the forms that appear at her seances are Materializations, that is, they are human looking, acting, living beings, apparently as real and ponderable as ourselves, and are extemporized out of the circumambient air, apparently living (with every human organ and function like ourselves) for a few seconds, or a few minutes, then they dissolve again into the invisible.

I mention the name of Fairchild, but I have had similar privileges with the Berrys, and others, but to a greater and more persistent extent with the first named, so in this article I will confine myself to her.

Usually these, anything but weird forms, come out of an empty enclosure called a cabinet; are interviewed, more or less, by the persons present, and then they retire again into the 5 by 4 empty enclosure.

Often two, three, and four forms come out at once.

I have, by special request been permitted to follow the forms into this enclosure, and found it empty; yet I was right on the heels, so to speak, of these departing forms, with no possible way of eluding me; had they been human, or rather mortal confederates, they could not have escaped me.

I have been allowed also to enter this empty enclosure with the medium, and had ocular and tangible proof that this enclosed space was empty, excepting us two, and while wondering what next would happen, have heard some little commotion outside. I then parted the curtain, and, looking out, saw a white-robed female

form moving around, interesting the persons in the circle.

My friends, who were outside of part of the circle, said the form came out of the enclosure where I was.

I do not see how that could be, and I not know it when I was on the watch, or "holding the fort," so to speak.

I think it must have formed outside, close to the curtain, so that in the darkened room, it appeared to come out of the enclosure where I was.

I have repeatedly been talking to one of these forms at the enclosure, I naturally standing a foot or so from it, so that I would be near two feet from the curtain, when I have felt some movement near my feet behind me, and turning partly round, find it to be a form slowly rising from the floor when fully erect, have walked with it, in every apparent sense a living human being, and which, after its short stay, retires into the enclosure.

Oftentimes the form disappears, that is, dematerializes in sight of all; sometimes at the entrance of the enclosure, disappearing perpendicularly, my hand going down resting on the carpet at the end of this strange kind of a departure.

I have many times had male and female forms come to me out of the empty enclosure, and sometimes they have Materialized outside of the enclosure, and while encircling them in my arms, such forms which appeared and felt every way as if alive, breast heaving, audibly conversing, and seeming ponderous, as if they weighed 125 or 150, more or less. I have had such forms vanish like a bubble and my extended arms encircling nothing but air, no one having been near me, perhaps standing in the center of the room and a dozen or

more reliable, well-known persons seeing this unique departure as distinctly as I did myself, so it must have been real and objective and not an illusion.

There is one old greyheaded man that often comes to me; he has given me tests that would identify him, yet I say but little about recognitions or whether these forms are the persons they claim to be.

This old man is not a success in

objective appearance, as representing the face I remember so well; if it be he, he don't look as he did, but that is not the important point, but is it a spirit or a spirit manifestation? Of that, as I have said, I am perfectly satisfied.

This old man hardly ever comes to me out of the cabinet, but always comes up as if out of the carpeted floor, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, often several feet from the cabinet.

He generally comes up near me, sometimes behind my chair; his hat is seen first, then his face and head, his body following, until he stands erect, and then we generally walk around the circle together. He seems to have become quite a popular apparition.

He seems to be a vigorous old fellow, and, when ready, he sometimes goes as he came, quite often instantaneously, as with a puff.

Of course such Phenomena as I am describing does not need test conditions.

Ponderous, able-bodied men and women, looking as if they weighed 125 or 150 pounds cannot extinguish themselves in that way.

My test conditions have been rigid and will be interesting when I describe them, but I have a word or two more to say in reference to this old man.

I will relate an incident which will add impressiveness to the foregoing statement.

I was seated in the circle on a late occasion, and before the services had commenced, some one spoke my name, a man hearing it, came over to me and asked "if I was Mr. W." I said yes; he knew me by reputation as a writer, and was there then from reading an account of what I had seen.

He was from Milford, was a Spiritualist, had been one for 25 years; he did not believe in Materialization; said he had never seen any and had taken no interest in the phase; like many others, he thought there was too much fraud in connection and did not know but it was wholly fraud.

I liked this man's ideas very much, we were like minded on many things and like him I had not taken kindly to Materialization, so did not blame

him; but absolute proof had forced me to take it in.

I told this Milford brother how I had tested this woman, and I also spoke of this old man who came and departed so singularly.

The man said: "Why, I would give \$100 to witness such a Phenomenon."

I think the chances are that you will have the opportunity without costing you \$100, as he most always puts in an appearance when I am at a seance.

During the seance, there had been a great many forms Materialized, and my Milford friend got very much interested, and while I was looking toward the enclosure to see who or what next would appear, he said, "see there," pointing at the floor near the center of the room, "is not that your old friend?"

I looked, and sure enough, there was his black slouched hat with a graybearded face under it, slowly rising up, as I have above described. He, the Milford man, was having then distinctly the opportunity of seeing this Phenomenon. Soon it was erect on the floor.

I stepped in my usual way up to the form and promenaded with it, introducing him to my Milford friend, who afterwards told me it was the most wonderful and most interesting experience he had ever had.

This man came several times to these seances, saw this and other Phenomena often, and like myself and many others, not only believes in the fact of Materialization of forms, but actually knows, as I do, from absolute proof.

I write this statement with the expectation of being believed, people who know me will believe me, strange as the statement is.

I have made this Article so long that I will not increase its length by a detailed account of the "test conditions" referred to.

I will do so some other time, in the meantime take my word for it, that the conditions were unquestionable and fully warrant my strong assertion.

JOHN WETHERBEE.
Boston, Mass.

THE WATCHMAN.

Selected.

NO BLACK FOR ME.

No black for me; dear love, when I
am dead,
Shroud not thy precious face in funeral
fold,
But wear a soft white vail upon your
head,
As fits a saintly woman growing old.
No black for me; why—when eter-
nal day
Has burst in glory on my dazzled
sight,
And God's own angels bear my Soul
away—
Should my twin spirit bow in woe
and night?
There may be tears, but let them fall,
sweet wife,
As feeling one more pilgrim safe at
rest;
One changed from dying clay to
breathless life,
Whose head has often lain upon your
breast.
One roaming 'mid an Eden's flowers
and trees,
Whose weary, wasting feet no walks
could share;
One drinking heaven's breath with
raptuous ease,
Who scarce could breathe a blessing
or a prayer.
Let me be carried from my cheerful
home,
Like sunshine out of sunshine, flow-
ers from flowers;
Let maidens in spotless white and chil-
dren come,
And cheer with tender songs your
lonesome hours.
For you will miss me, tho' some
paths from heaven
May lead straight from my glory to
your heart;
And I may come, like Jacob's angel,
given
Some thrill, some joyous message, to
impart.
So keep the light about you; death is
light,
And life, and power, to pure and
chastened love;
And death is only dark to doubt, and
sight
That has no vision for the world
above.
No black for me; when I am gone,
dear love,
Shroud not that face in funeral fold,
But wear a soft white vail upon your
head,
As fits a saintly woman growing old.
—Alice Robbins.

He who loves to read and knows how
to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast
for his old age—subscribe for THE
WATCHMAN.

Written for The Watchman.

WHICH IS IT?

Having given close attention to the
long and often expressed acrimonious
discussions on Christian, and non-
Christian Spiritualism, I am led to
ask—which is it, Christian Spiritual-
ism, or, Spiritual Christianity?

Now, the word Christian is evidently
derived from the word Christ, as a
matter of Theological convenience, but
it is not applicable, for the word
Christ, has no reference to a person
or a people, in and of itself, but, to a
Principle, which, properly understood,
means "Logos" or a divinely illumin-
ating power evolved from the Su-
preme Center of that attributive com-
bination that gives to the Universe of
all lifeized formations, a dual parent-
age, and to whom we cheerfully at-
tach the beautiful names—FATHER
and MOTHER.

I am not favorable to the idea of
tagging the New Dispensation with
the name Christian, unless a very
much better evidence of its value to
Humanity can be given than ever has
been thro' the Churches called Chris-
tian, or claiming to be such.

Then, too, that word has become so
vapid as to possess no attractive Sci-
entific, or Philosophical charms.

There is not a shadow of relation-
ship between the divine Logos or the
illuminating power of the *Dei*, and
the practical workings of what is
known as Christianity, in and thro'
Organic embodiments; therefore, I
am utterly unable to see what advan-
tage it would prove to use it in con-
nection with Spiritualism, either as a
prefix, or an affix.

If it is true, and I think it is, that
the Church has lost its power to reach
and control the best thinkers of Europe
and America—its Christianity to the
contrary notwithstanding:—

How and in what way Spiritualists
expect to reach and win over that
class of minds by dressing themselves
up in that drapery, remains to be de-
monstrated, if it ever can be, which is
very much doubted.

There seems to be a not very meri-
torious object in this attaching Chris-
tian as a prefix to Spiritualist, and
that is, to make it more takable and
popular with the Churches.

I am quite unprepared to admit
that Christianity embraces all the es-
sentials and value there is in Spiritual-
ism.

If I must pronounce as to choice,
whether to go back into the Church,
or to take my place among the most
radical Free-thinkers—with the latter
I must go.

If the word Christian must be the
leading head-line in the programme of
Spiritualists in their Organizations, in
order to give moral strength, force,
and influence thereto, why not turn
the whole matter over to the Church-
es, and let them formulate it to their
liking, for no one knows anything
about Christianity, as a name or theo-
ry, save *tho'* the Church.

As to the practical display of Chris-
tianity from that quarter, it would be
the last place I would go to with any
hope or expectation of meeting any-
thing like a noble, unselfish expres-
sion of the true spirit of Humanity,
Benevolence, and Philanthropy.

Has it come about, that Spiritual-
ists have given up their Cause to be

used as a *tail* to that old Theological
kite, with the skull and cross-bones of
tyranny, persecution, and death on its
two sides, and that, too, in order that
the blood-stained old thing may fly a
little longer?

If so, I, now and here, excuse my-
self from being a part of that tail.

M. E. T.
Oakland, Neb.

Written for The Watchman.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

Occasionally across the brain comes
passing thoughts which seem to find a
lodgment there until given expres-
sion.

I was led to write this Article, by
reading "Other Reflections," by
E. M. Jones, in THE WATCHMAN
of October 1885.

Clearly do we perceive the mental
horizon of very many Spiritualists
disturbed as the Bible question is elu-
cidated.

Truthfully does E. M. Jones say:—
"Generally, that which pleases the
human mind, is antagonistic to Rea-
son and Common Sense."

We should substitute Truth or
Truths in the place of Reason and
Common Sense.

That which is Reason to one, may
seem anything but Reason to another;
While Truth, in its sparkling lumi-
nosity, is invincible—cannot be gainsaid:
tho', we allow that it takes time
to pumice it into shape so that it is
recognizable.

Seemingly, it is easier to believe the
false, than the true, until, at last, the
false is shown in all its ugly deformity,
which, sooner or later, is sure to be
done.

Well do we know the strength of
the subtle chains formed, link by link,
around our very existences, sealed by
the instilling principles of our youthful
teachings.

May God and the angels grant that
the upheaval of the present decade may
purify the earth of its spiritual dark-
ness which necessarily has overshadowed
the earth so long:

And that into the Souls of unborn
generations may be instilled the living
principles of eternal Truth and Love:

And that earth may not be a wit-
ness to the physical, moral, and spiri-
tual wrecks which the Past has un-
folded.

Surely, we have every reason to
trust the fulfillment of the happy
prophecies uttered by inspired Seers
and Sages.

But rest assured that when the glad
time does come, few will be the in-
habitants on this Planet who will
reverently lay their hands on an
earth-bound Book, saying:—

"There is my trust."

Behold old earth, she disappears!

The new earth heaves in sight;

Behold, behold the dawning nears

When heaven's resplendent light

'Round earth-worn Souls shall freely

Eradicating night. [roll,

Hail, blessed Dawn!

Hail, blissful morn!

Transported, thee we greet,

From joyous homes, our loved return,

Return with us to meet—

Again, again we clasp our own—

Oh, blessedness complete.

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THE WATCHMAN.

Written for *The Watchman*.

SCHOOL--DAYS.

My dear friend, do you remember,
In our childhood long ago,
How we played in Summer weather,
And in Winter tossed the snow,
At a school-house on the hillside,
Where there gathered day by day
Happy, laughing, romping children,
Gathered there to learn and play.

And as children we were friendly,
And as maidens we grew up,
Friendship's chain still growing stronger
Never yet a link has broke.
And our life is half-way journeyed,
But we love each other still,
Thinking o'er the past with pleasure,
As we journey down life's hill.

All our life is one long school-day,
And we're only scholars still,
But the school is larger, grander,
Than the school beside the hill,
And my dear friend when the last day,
Calls us home to Summer-land,
May we still with stronger friendship,
Clasp each other by the hand.

MRS. W. S. MOORE.

Stony Fork, Pa.

Written for *The Watchman*.

"LET US THEN BE UP AND DOING."

Thinkest thou a kind act over
Not yet by thee tried or done?
Hesitate in doubt no longer,
Bid thy better self be stronger—
Do it ere the set of Sun.

If thy heart is gently prompting
Thee to right some long-left wrong,
Crush false pride let it not fool thee,
Let a Christian spirit rule thee,
Do what to thy life belongs.

Drown not pity's pleading voices,
Heed the cry of breaking hearts,
In love's strength impart a gladness
To the victims of earth's sadness
As hope's fading star departs.

We belong to one another,
Human links in fate's strong chain;
Toiling peacefully together,
We may breast life's wildest weather,
And the joys of Heaven gain.

GENA SMITH FAIRFIELD.
Rockland, Maine.

An idle word may be seemingly
harmless in its utterance; but let it
be fanned by passion, let it be fed
with the fuel of misconception, of evil
intention, of prejudice, and it will
soon grow into a sweeping fire that
will melt the chains of human friend-
ship, that will burn to ashes many
cherished hopes, and blacken more
fair names than one.—Charles A.
Dickey.

The best thing to give your enemy,
is forgiveness; to an opponent, toler-
ance; to a friend, your heart; to
your child, a good example; to a
father, deference; to your mother,
conduct that will make her proud of
you; to yourself, respect; to all men,
Charity.—Mrs. Balfour.

\$1.00 pays for *The Watchman* for 1 year.

Written for *The Watchman*.

THE EVILS OF TOBACCO.

Spiritualists should never use
Opium, Liquor, or Tobacco in any
form. Spiritualists should be moral.

BOYS AND TOBACCO.

Let me say on the subject of the
use of Tobacco by boys, that Tobacco
has been prohibited the boys at the
Naval Academy at Annapolis, and at the
Military Academy at West Point.

Army and Navy Surgeons have
studied and observed the effects of
Tobacco on the students.

Dr. A. L. Gihon, of the United
States Navy, gives the following as
as the effects of Tobacco on the stu-
dents of the Naval Academy.

- 1.—That it leads to impaired nutri-
tion of the nerve centers.
- 2.—That it is fertile cause for Neu-
ralgia, Vertigo, and Indigestion.
- 3.—That it irritates the mouth and
throat, and thus destroys the purity
of the voice.
- 4.—That, by excitation of the optic
nerve, it provokes amaurosis and
other defects of vision.
- 5.—That it causes a tremulous hand,
and an intermittent pulse.
- 6.—That one of its conspicuous effects,
is to develop irritability of the heart.
- 7.—That it retards the cell change on
which the development of the ado-
lescence depends.

This is a formidable bill of particu-
lars, and yet, each of these charges is
preferred by the best modern authority;
and what is more, each is sub-
stantiated by an abundance of clinical
evidence.

Perhaps one more item, which is of
still more consequence, is the fact that
boys who use Tobacco are, generally,
satisfied with a lower place in their
studies, than the non-users.

This was brought out in the French
Schools some years ago, where, in
every instance, the smokers stood low-
est in all their markings.

Mothers can and always should use
their influence against Tobacco; and
they should possess themselves with
the best arguments, and manner of
using this influence most effectively.

Ministers should preach against the
use of Tobacco. Editors should write
against it.

It is the honest, moral duty of all
Clergymen, Deacons, Doctors, Judges,
Lawyers, and Parents to rise en masse
and do all in their power to keep
every one free from such damaging,
evil, and destructive habits as the use
of Tobacco, Opium, and Liquors.

Is it not deplorable to see and know
of the extent of these evil habits—to
any moral man or woman, it is horri-
ble—and yet we boast of our free
Country, and that the people are sov-
ereigns!

New York is the center of the
Cigar-manufacturing trade. It has
over 4000 factories, and they turn out
1,000,000,000 cigars a year.

Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois
rank after New York.

3,167,060,925 cigars were made in
this Country last year; and about
35,000,000 were imported, thus mak-
ing a total of about 3,202,000,000, or
60 for every man, woman, and child

in the United States, and 250 for
every man over 21 years of age.

This twin-brother of the drink
curse will demand the same methods
now advocated by the Prohibitionists.
The principle will be settled as to
Alcohol, and then may be easily ex-
tended to include all such useless and
destructive agents.

Now, let us examine the Run
Question a little.

The Brewer's Congress claims to
have 739 members, representing 3000
Breweries, which produce 16,000,000
of the 18,000,000 kegs of Beer an-
nually brewed in the United States.

At the recent meeting of this Con-
gress, the Publication Committee an-
nounced that a 250 page book, upon
the Liquor Laws of the United States,
would soon be published, to be fol-
lowed by another upon the Spirit and
Effect of State Laws. It was an-
nounced that 50,000 or more copies
of each of these books would be circu-
lated.

But woe unto him that giveth his
neighbor drink!

Now, dear reader, even in Chicago,
a man would stand but a poor chance
for his life, if five distinct crimes
could be as clearly charged upon him,
as they can be in the case we propose
to consider. He might as well begin
to pray, unless he were very wealthy,
or stood high in Free Masonry. As
we are told that the extreme crime in
a Mason, will be cleared by the
Brother Masons, as was done in free-
ing the Jefferson Davis treason—if it
had not been for the Free Masons, he
would have been hung.

WHOLESALE MURDER.

In 1884, the men engaged in the
manufacture and sale of intoxicating
Liquors of all kinds, in the United
States, killed, by the liquors they pro-
duced, 100,000 of our people—90,000
men and 10,000 women.

The Liquor Traffic is a withering
curse to any Community that tolerates
it—in this life it produces despair, not
hope; misery, not happiness; sick-
ness, not health; death, not life; and
blights, curses, and ruins the lives of
men and women in this world.

The people, the victims among the
rest, actually gave them the legal
right to do so, by the very way they
cast their ballots.

DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

The most reliable Statistics show
that the Liquor Traffic destroys
\$1,400,000,000 worth of property
every year, with no benefit to man or
beast—this equals \$2,500,000 a day;
and this, in 20 years, equals all the
assessed property in the United States,
and must be earned again by the hard
toil of the people.

And this is done year in and year
out by men whose families most need
their earnings.

When will the poor, hard-working
men of our Nation cease to let in this
thief at their mouths to steal away, at
once, their bread and butter, and their
very brains, and manhood!

TOBACCO, OPIUM, AND LIQUORS.

*Breeding All Manner of Crimes,
Evils, and Death.*

The best sources of information
available, show that of the 315,000

criminals that yearly crowd our pris-
ons and scaffolds, Tobacco, Opium,
and Liquor furnish 84 per cent—
nearly nine-tenths of all crimes com-
mitted in our free Country are due to
this legitimate business of making
and selling intoxicating drinks. To
this source, nearly all murders, high-
way robberies, and the deepest crimes,
generally, belong, as no one commits
the blacker crimes when his Reason is
enthroned, and his or her mind clear.

Vote Temperance!

MAKING PAUPERS AND TRAMPS.

It is a fact that in our free Country
nearly \$80,000,000 are annually paid
for the support of 536,000 Liquor
Paupers, whose natural protectors—
their husbands and fathers, Liquor
has killed.

This is the regular Liquor Pauper
Tax, which must be paid by men and
women who never touch a drop of
Liquor, and who are in no way re-
sponsible for the enormous list of de-
pendent, helpless beings whom they
must help to support.

Is not this Taxation without Re-
presentation?

Women, rise and vote the Suffrage!

SPIRITUALISTS AND CHRISTIANS.

It is high time that one and all of
you bad your eyes wide open to see
and learn how you support Roman
Catholics.

In 1879, during the Irish famine,
this and other Countries sent \$6,305,
000 to Ireland, to save the people
from starving. They took this Char-
ity, and that same year drank up
\$46,875,000 of their own money—
thus Charity was betrayed and prostituted.

Can Ireland, with her majority,
Roman Catholics—I say, can she do
no better with her hard earnings than
to feed the voracious maw of Rum
and Whiskey—Opium and Tobacco?

Then talk of poor Ireland—note
and mark, that just so long as the
Roman Catholic Irish people of Ire-
land continue to squander their means
for the gratification of an ungodly,
self-created appetite, and their time,
which should be spent in earnest
industry and in intelligent work, in
fighting with British Police, and in
watching their chance to dynamite
somebody, because he or she are
English: they have no right to ask
us to help them.

And again:

The worst feature of the whole
thing, is, that the curse is yearly
attaining vast proportions, and the
people do not seem to be alive to
a sense of their duty.

The United States Statistics show,
that during the last 20 years, distilled
Liquors have increased three times as
fast as our Population; and Beer 23
times as fast.

For a hundred years we have tried
to regulate the Liquor Traffic.

Even now, we pay 17 times as
much for Saloons, as for Common
Schools.

We have 12 times as many Saloons,
as Churches.

We pay three times as much for
poisonous Drink, as for Bread.

\$270 for this broth of poisonous
evil, to every dollar for Home and
Foreign Missions.

DR. NORMAN MAC LEOD.
Chicago, Ill.

THE WATCHMAN.

THE WATCHMAN.

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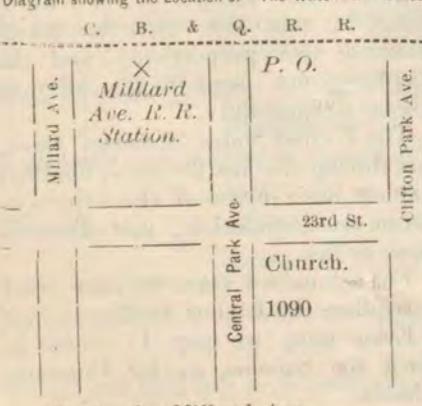
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1.30 : 3.20 : 4.30 : 5.15 : 5.45 : 6.20 : 6.45.
9.20, and 11.30 p. m. Sunday at 8.30
a. m., 1.05 : 6.20, and 9.45 p. m.

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We open our columns to the Public and invite correspondence; reserving the right to reject any communication that we deem improper to be issued in our columns. Under no consideration will anonymous letters be published; we require the name and address of the writer as a guaranty of good faith.

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Our columns are open to all for a free and liberal discussion on all matters of Reform. Avoid personalities.

All Contributors to THE WATCHMAN are individually responsible for Articles appearing over their Signature.—ED.

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All letters of inquiry addressed to the Editress of THE WATCHMAN, must be accompanied with return stamps, to ensure reply.

Peace Bird's Mission Fund.

It has been suggested by the Band of Spirits, that we establish a FUND by contribution from different persons who feel to donate what they are able, towards sending THE WATCHMAN free to those who are unable to pay for it.

Each donation thereto will be acknowledged by the Editress, by letter, to the party sending it.

PEACE BIRD offers her photograph as a premium, to all who will donate \$2.00 to the PEACE BIRD MISSION FUND.

Small amounts will be gratefully received, to help on the work.

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THE WATCHMAN is a good medium to ADVERTISE in, and why?
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We quote from page 130, a very appropriate Poem. It was originally dedicated to THE WATCHMAN, and was printed in our Columns, in August 1883.

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

"Do you ask what of the darkness,

Of the night to tell ?

There is no night, but all is brightness,

We say that 'all is well !'

"Aching hearts are calling, calling,

Will they no answer hear ?

It comes like raindrops falling, falling,

On the listening ear.

"Hear the answer come, and saying,

'There are no dead—we live !'

And to those whose hearts are aching,

Joy untold we give.'

"O, ask no more, what of the darkness,

Nor what of the night,

For angel hands with joy and gladness

Will lead you to the light.

"They come to you your hearts to lighten—

With joy your eyes are wet :

A Star that will your pathway brighten,

And never more will set.

"See the angels coming, coming,

To their loved of earth ;

They come to hearts all torn and bleeding—

To those who gave them birth.

"See the fathers, mothers, coming

To their children here ;"

THE WATCHMAN.

For their hearts with love are burning,
They as before are dear.

"Still O see them coming, coming,
From the upper Spheres;
On the golden stair descending
To wipe away all tears.

"See them coming, spirits, angels,
Clad in golden light;
The snow-white wings of the archangels
With glory beaming bright.

"And Cherubim and Seraphim—
O, listen! hear them sing
Of death—their triumph over him—
That death has lost his sting.

"And thro' the ever-open door,
They are passing to and fro,
As Jacob saw, in days of yore—
O tell the world 'tis so.

"I have an answer to you given:
I'll now go on my way.
These truths I leave to you as leaven—
Thus I, the Watchman, say."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. Lucinda Simons, of Tuscola Co., Mich., writes:

DEAR EDITRESS:—In giving you some of my experiences, I must first tell you that I was brought up a strict Methodist, and have almost always attended that Church, still, I never could believe enough of the Christian doctrine to want to unite with them, or any other form of Church, no matter how hard I tried to believe in its doctrine.

As all of my people were opposed to anything pertaining to Spiritualism, I never studied into it, yet, ever since I can remember, I could foretell a death or an accident that would happen in our family; and, sometimes, in those of our neighbors. Yet, I hardly know how it is that I do so.

I will relate one incident, and hope that it will be of interest to your readers.

About five years ago, I was taking care of a sick woman for a few days—we did not think her dangerously sick; but, at about twelve o'clock one night, her husband told me to lie down for awhile, and he would sit by her while I had a nap.

I went into the bedroom adjoining hers, and right in front of the bed, I saw three open graves, as plainly as ever seen, the earth looked fresh as tho' just shoveled out.

I went out and called the husband into the kitchen, and said to him:—

"God help you, my friend, you are going to lose three of your family, soon."

Well, before the wife died, a married daughter died; and the day the mother was buried, a married son died.

That night, I had the strangest experience of my life.

As we came from the mother's funeral, we went to see the son—he was a great friend of ours—when I saw him, I saw that he was dying.

We had not told him of his mother's death, because he was so very sick, and we thought that it would worry him.

But, on this occasion, as I was sitting by him, he raised himself up in bed, and reaching his hands to me, said:—

"Now lead me to ma, come, lead me to her."

I said: "Where is your ma?"

He said, pointing his finger to a chair: "There, in that chair."

I said: "Your mother is dead."

"Yes," he said, "I know it, but she is here, and I want to kiss her."

Well, as I was saying, the night he died, they sent for my husband to come and "lay out" the body.

I thought there was nothing that I could do, so I did not go with him, but went to bed.

I had been in bed but a few minutes—I know I was not asleep—when I heard the strangest noise—I could

not tell what, nor where it was, for a long time.

I seemed to be out in the air, and at last I could make out the spirit of this man, trying to make his way upward, but he was hindered by a thick, black cloud, out of which proceeded dreadful groans and cries.

The poor spirit never looked back, but kept trying to go ahead—but sometimes he gave such a pitiful groan, that I watched him, hardly knowing what he would do, when, all at once, he gave, Oh! such a joyful cry.

I looked to see the cause, and, as far as I could see, there were two bright spirits, so bright that I could hardly look at them.

They were coming toward him as swiftly as the wind; down they came, their faces toward me, and as they got nearer, I recognized them as his mother and sister.

As they neared him, the cloud melted away, and they, one each side, took him by the arm, and away back they went, until they were lost to my sight.

As I said before, I know that I was not asleep—but it seemed to me that I was out of my body—yet, I cannot account for it.

At another time, we had an old friend living four miles from us, who was very sick, and we expected at any time to hear of his death.

One day I sat at my machine sewing, when, all at once, I felt his presence pass the window. I said to myself, that is him, and he will go to the kitchen door, and knock.

I stopped sewing and listened, and, sure enough, he rapped six raps on the side of the door.

I got up and went to the door, and altho' I did not see him, yet I knew that his spirit was there, as much so, as tho' he had stood there alive and in the body; and I knew that he knew that I recognized him.

I thought that I would look at the clock—I did so, and saw that it wanted twenty minutes to ten—I was alone at the time.

When our folks came to dinner, I said:—

"Mr. Hinson is dead; he died at twenty minutes to ten."

They asked me how I heard, and I told them how he came there himself.

After dinner we drove to his house, and found that he was dead: and I asked his daughter what time he died; and she said:—

"I cannot tell exactly, but will ask my sister."

I said: "Let me tell you—he died at twenty minutes to ten."

She said: "How did you know?"

I said: "He came to our house."

She looked at me, and then said: "I believe it; he knew who his friends were."

When the sister came in, she asked her what time her father died.

She said: "Just twenty minutes to ten."

Another incident:—

My mother died four years ago. She came (in spirit) one night, and laid her hand on my shoulder: and I said: "If that is you, mother, put your hand on my back."

And immediately I felt her hand on my back pressing quite hard, but did not see her, tho' I knew it was her as soon as she touched me.

Generally, when I see anything, it is just after I retire at night, and I tell my husband not to talk, for there is something coming, and I want to see what it is.

Then the scenes will pass before my eyes, like a moving picture.

Sometimes I will groan and take on awfully, he says, but I am all taken up with what is passing before me.

Sometimes it will be very distinct: while at others, very dim.

A short time ago, I had a strange experience:—

I felt as tho' I was at the house where our friend, Mr. Hinson, formerly lived: but I could hardly make out what I saw there:—

It seemed as tho' there was a bed quilt spread out about three feet above the floor: I could only see one person in the room, it was the daughter who lives with, and takes care of her mother; I could not see the old lady; but could see some body in bed, thro' the open bedroom door.

Some time after this vision, I heard that they had a quilt on the frames, that day, and that the old lady who is very feeble, went to go around it and fell on the stove, breaking three of her ribs, and hurting herself so badly that her life is despaired of—which explains the vision.

Now, I can tell when my children are sick, so as to go to them by the time that they begin to think of sending for me.

Well, I think that I have written enough—but I could write page after page of different manifestations which are

all true.

If a stranger drives to our door, I can almost tell his errand before he gets into the house; I have often opened the door, asking the messenger if such a person was dead, before they had time to tell me.

These are a few of my experiences in spirit power.

[We earnestly hope that Mrs. Simons will favor our readers with a continuation of her very interesting and truly remarkable experiences.

Thro' oversight, this manuscript was laid over for some time; but we assure Mrs. Simons that we will be more prompt in printing her future contributions, if she will favor us with them.—H. A. BERRY, *Editress*.]

John Rosemond, of Hillsboro, N. C., writes:—

MRS. BERRY:—I thank you for THE WATCHMAN. As I did not see in its Columns, a continuance of Elmira Slenker's squibs, I am a subscriber for THE WATCHMAN, again.

I never expect to support a Spiritualistic Paper that runs down mediums, and scandalizes them.

I was a subscriber for the *Religious Philosophical Journal* for nearly five years, but as the Editor of that Paper commenced weeding out too many mediums, and making sport of them, I soon found out that he was no true Spiritualist, so I stopped taking his Paper.

In conclusion, I send my sincere thanks to Mrs. Minerva Merrick, and to all of your Subscribers: and I send \$1.00 to you for my subscription to THE WATCHMAN for the ensuing year.

"SHADOWS."

By John Wetherbee.

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THE WATCHMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE TO THE WATCHMAN,

By Mrs. MINERVA MERRICK, Quincy, Ill.

Formerly Publisher of

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

The publication of "A Fountain of Light," as a Periodical, is discontinued. Bound copies of Volume 1, containing 832 pages, can be obtained of Mrs. Minerva Merrick, Quincy, Ill., at 50 cents each. Postage 16 cents.

INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou Supreme Love! Thou perfect Goodness and loving Mercy! we call upon Thy name, with faith and confidence, knowing that Thou art a gentle, loving Father—the great overflowing Soul, sustaining us continually with the good, sweet Bread of Life, that fills our Souls with joy and gladness, and gives us strength of purpose to fulfill the Laws of loving-kindness to all the children of men.

The inmost desire of our hearts, is, that Thou shalt send angels of mercy to co-operate with us, strengthening our unsteady, tottering steps in the paths of righteousness, and sustaining us in our endeavors to raise up the fallen, and show them Thy loving face beaming from our own.

Teach us the way to sow the seeds of gentleness in the hearts of rude and undeveloped Souls, that need the fostering care of brothers and sisters.

Let the light of Thy blessed countenance shine thro' our tears and smiles, to cheer them; help us to take them by the hand, as Peter did the lame man who lay at the gate of the beautiful Temple, that they may leap and jump for joy and gladness, and enter into the Temple of Happiness with us, when evil thoughts and deeds will no more trouble them, and remorse and regret will pass away, as the mist and fog of earth before the brightness of the morning sunlight.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

SUBSTANTIALISM.

We have read the *Scientific Arena*, Edited by A. Wilford Hall, the founder of the Substantial Philosophy.

It appears that the real question at issue, is not whether other Scientists are right or wrong in their Theistic Evolution—but the war is against Materialism, as a general system of heresy in Science.

Substantialism is the corner-stone of the Philosophy the Journal teaches, and by its theories, its advocates anticipate the conversion of all Scientists, skeptics, and Materialists, in their various expressions in opposition to the theories of the Christian world.

We are impressed from a Sphere of spirit intelligence, and by that power we express our thoughts on paper.

And after we have expressed our impressions, we inquire of an invisible intelligence, if the Article we have written, be true; and being answered in the affirmative, we send it to the readers of THE WATCHMAN.

Now, can any of these advocates of Substantialism inquire of their God, if they are teaching the most important principles to overcome the opinions and prejudices of Materialists, Infidels, or all people who do not believe in the opinions and theories

promulgated by other people, or by the Christian world of Souls?

We have the Bible, and whenever a subject is presented, we search its pages for a precedent; and if the reference harmonizes with our impressed ideas; and when the angelic spirit entities that surround us, pass their judgment confirming the expression of the ideas, we are satisfied that the Article contains the truth.

A truth when planted in the mind, can never be eradicated.

Truth is infallible and substantial.

Speculations, theories, and opinions of men, especially, on abstract questions, need frequent revisions.

The current of intelligence flows on steadily; and woe unto those who throw debris of superstition, error, and of false teaching into that channel of progressive unfoldment of the mind of man.

Substantialism may solve the problems of Science—but has it anything to do with the problem of human life in establishing the Science of the Soul?

If sound is a thing, will it prove man's Soul to be a thing also; and God to be a thing—as our Soul is a part of the Supreme Father, even as the drop of water is a part of the Ocean.

Materialists do not believe in a Spiritual Father—but that all Intelligence is an unfoldment of Matter, and when man's organism disintegrates, he is annihilated.

But Scientists say that Matter is not lost or wasted—it always was and will be.

We say that Spirit and Matter are Deity. And we have had the idea confirmed by the spirit forces that are teaching us the way.

To our reason and judgment, the truths that are taught in the Bible, prove the resurrection of the spiritual body from the physical.

Will not this be equally as important as Substantialism, to convert the Gentile world from the errors they have been taught, and to lead them to a just appreciation of the grandeur and sublimity of the Soul of man—the most important of all entities in existence.

Spiritualism is exactly in opposition to Materialism.

The Evangelical, Orthodox Ministers claim to believe in a future state of existence, and to have faith in a God, and to believe in the infallibility of the Scriptures.

The Scripture lessons are a record of human experiences, from the time when man's intellect was in a condition to reflect his thoughts back to the source from whence they came—the spirit world of Souls—and it has been preserved for our admonition and instruction, on whom the ends of the Ages have come, and its pages are rife with Spiritualism—the inter-communion of the spirits of men who had lived on earth, with those who inhabited this Sphere.

The Children of Israel built a Tabernacle, and had a curtain to divide the inner Temple from the outer; and the Priest went into the inner Temple to converse with the angels or the Lord.

We have not read that any person in the flesh, or out of it has seen the Lord or God at any time.

But the Record says that they saw angels, messengers, and prophets.

If an angel ever appeared on earth, they can always appear when proper conditions are provided—and a cabinet or Tabernacle is one of the conditions.

Those who condemn and scoff at these conditions, know not what they do—any more than the people did when they nailed the hands of Jesus to the cross and crucified him.

It is the same spirit of love and mercy which says: forgive them, they know not what they do.

When a sanguine Materialist meets his spirit mother, under some favorable condition, face to face, it will not be necessary for him to study Substantialism in order to convince him of the continuity of the life of man.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

EXPERIENCES.

We will contribute our experience in communicating with the spirit of U. S. Grant, the highly esteemed and honored patriot, who, (there is no doubt in our mind), was ordained to lead the Children of our Father out of Egypt [bondage], into the light of Liberty.

By the same indomitable Will and firm, energetic character, he is now marching, with his brave soldiers, toward the battle-field, to give freedom to the minds of Humanity, from the mental slavery of ignorance, superstition, and vain show.

As my niece and myself were sitting by our table, Gen. Grant announced himself, and said:—

"We are still marching on."

We did not hear the tap of the drum, nor feel the earth tremble from the solemn tread of the soldiers' weary feet—we imagined that he passed with his Army and retinue, in martial pomp and grandeur.

We could not hear the Egyptian March that was being played, echoing and re-echoing in the Elysian Fields—but the grand Army is marching from the four quarters of the Globe—and woe to the mortals who throw stumbling-blocks in the way of its progress.

We read the information that came from Washington: viz.: that Congress had granted \$5000 per annum, to Mrs. Grant, out of the Public Treasury—and the medium condemned the act, in appropriate language. In a few moments she said: "I guess Gen. Grant will not call here again."

Several weeks had passed, when one evening as we were sitting as usual, the medium said:—

"I smell cigar smoke. Oh, yes, it is Gen. Grant, with his face turned up, a cigar in his mouth, and he is puffing away as if he did not care a straw about my remarks—and that it was all right."

Some knowing ones, no doubt, will say that this is nonsense, but we know it was a sign that he was in harmony with the lady's expression.

All smokers know the peaceful pleasure they enjoy when puffing a whiff of smoke slowly from their lips, their eyes half closed, and nerves almost asleep.

One of the publishers of the *American Nonconformist*, a Radical Paper, published in Tabor, Iowa, recently called on us, and during the conversation, he related an experience he

had with a medium where he received a communication from Gen. Grant.

We did not copy the communication, but the sentiment expressed, was this:—

It would be of more value to him and to Humanity, if his friends, instead of piling a mass of stone on his grave, would build houses to shield the poor from the cold storms of adversity, and from the chilling winds of despair.

We say, especially to shield the widows who are mere ciphers, and have no representation in the administration of their mites paid in taxes on sewing machines, and other trifles. But, two mites was all the widow had—and it was more than all the millionaires put into the Treasury.

Gen. Grant does not need a monument—he has built one in the spirit realm—his character—that building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

If panels in its walls are incomplete, he is still marching on with the right spirit to finish them in splendor, and Love and Mercy will dwell in the Temple forever.

Public and expensive funerals are not commendable; and the extravagance and parade in making a vain show, are attachments of Heathenism.

Why will the Christian world of Souls continue to practice and love idolatrous customs?

What we love, we worship.

Why not sever the chord that binds Paganism, and what is called Christianity, in its deathly folds?

The earthly body should be laid away tenderly and lovingly, as the mother puts away the shoes of her child; and as the wife does the hat and gloves her husband wore.

When our beloved have departed from the earthly body, and they perceive the sentiment that fills our Souls—what more can we do—it is finished, and the light of love and intelligence would wrap the mortal frame in a winding-sheet and lay it in the bosom of mother earth, to decompose and mingle with its native elements, without a sigh or regret for the absence of a vain show.

MRS. MINERVA MERRICK.

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MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE, As It Was—As It Is—As It Should Be. By Emanuel M. Jones, is a very interesting work—all should read it.

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THE WATCHMAN.

Written for *The Watchman*.

GOD--GOOD.

"There is but one God."

However true this may seem to the individual making the statement—it is a question, nevertheless.

The writers of the Scriptures mystified in some degree.

Many love mystery and miracle more than the plain truth.

There is a common belief in God—the impersonal, Nature, God.

Aside from this God of Nature, man's claims are according to his own mental and moral status: for every one has a God of his own creation, reflecting the image—self.

A mean man, if he professes worship, generally calls upon his God to do the miserable work he would do himself if his powers were increased.

God, man's highest conception of good, is the ideal good, the plain adjective good.

Great heroes and good men of the Past, became the Gods of after years. Hence, we have "Gods," "many."

The heavens or spirit world, the home of the Gods, is very near.

These good and earnest Souls are working for Humanity. They come not to terrify the children of earth, but to love and teach the better way of life.

The God of the Jews and Christians, and all the other Gods, were once men, who, in the long Past, lived on earth, and died as men.

Thro' Materialization and a perfect mode of spirit communion, we shall soon have the higher Courts of spirit revealed to us.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

W. B. ADAMS,
Montague, Mich.

Contributed to *The Watchman*.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

"The Catholic Church has been looking for some time with distrust upon the Organization of the Knights of Labor.

"To most Catholics, therefore, no surprise was given by the mandate of Archbishop Taschau, of Montreal, forbidding Catholics to join the Order.

"In his mandate, the Archbishop quotes the Congregation of the Holy Office at Rome, which puts the Knights of Labor among the secret Societies that are 'prohibited by the Holy See.'

"This step will naturally cause much discussion among the Knights of Labor, in whose Organization are many Catholics.

"The objection of the Church to the Knights of Labor, is to the secrecy of the Organization, and not to its object of promoting the cause of working-men.

"Were the secrecy of the Organization abolished, and all its movements as well as its aims made public, the Church would probably be reconciled to the Knights of Labor, or, at least, would not make membership of the Order a subject of discipline."

The above was clipped from a daily Paper, and has started our "thinkers" to such a degree that we would like to ask a few questions on the subject.

The Papal Church denounces secret Societies with all the vehemence left in it since the Reformation.

If it is so opposed to them, what is it doing with its Confessionals, its Convents, its Nunneries, its sly-going and harmony destroying Order of Jesuits?

Why are all its mummuries carried on under the cloak of secrecy and jaw breaking Latin?

Why are all those vaults and cesspools filled with quick lime, and why is sulphuric acid kept in the cellars of Convents?

Why is it that women are immured for life in these female prison-pens, and never see a strange face, only those of a lascivious Priest on evil bent, during that time, if it is not a secret Organization?

Why is not the Sheriff, or Coroner allowed inside its doors to make arrests, or to view or make a post mortem examination, when one of the "lamb's brides" die suddenly, instead of consigning them to the said vaults and acids?

Let the Pope and his henchmen withhold their venom against all outside secret Associations, until they banish these foul blots on Civilization and Law.

What else can it be but a fear of losing what money would be paid to support these Associations, that prompts these "Soul-curdling" mandates from Rome—the City of Lazaroni, brigands, and Papal Holiness, with a straw in it?

The disintegration of this Holy, cruel Monster, the Papal Church, has already begun.

Internal disorders and local rebellions will soon divide this plundering, soul-wrecking propaganda, and it will perish like the Pagan Republic of old Rome did—by her own hand.

I am not a Knight of Labor, and do not approve of their methods; but I would let no Church, God, Devil, Ernined Priest, or Mitred Pontiff dictate to me what I should do or when.

Come out, comrades! fellow mortals! Shake off your allegiance to this vile Monster, and be men for yourselves, and not mere puppets for Italian ex-organ-grinders to use. Be men, not monkeys!

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